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THE
ÆNEID.



ÆN. I., 194.

IN MODERN AMERICAN.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

University Edition.

A

FREE AND INDEPENDENT TRANSLATION

OF THE

FIRST AND FOURTH BOOKS

OF THE

ÆNEID OF VIRGIL:

WHEREIN ARE UNFOLDED

THE TRAVELS OF ÆNEAS, THE ORIGIN OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, THE STRATAGEMS
EMPLOYED BY THE GODDESS JUNO (HAPPILY WITHOUT SUCCESS) TO NIP
THAT IMPORTANT ENTERPRISE IN THE BUD, THE COUNTERPLOTS
OF THE GODDESS VENUS AND HER MISCHIEVOUS LITTLE
SON CUPID, AND THE FURIOUS LOVE AND
ROMANTIC DEATH OF QUEEN DIDO.

IN HEXAMETER AND PENTAMETER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS WORTH.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF FAMILIES, SCHOOLS, AND COLLEGES, AND ESPECIALLY FOR STUDENTS IN VIRGIL, INTO
WHOSE HANDS THIS VOLUME MAY BE PUT WITHOUT THE LEAST DANGER OF ITS BEING USED AS A PONY.

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PREFACE.

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THE present work had its inception in a vehement desire to rescue the Bard of Mantua from the oblivion to which this degenerate age seems bent upon consigning him; to restore him to that pre-eminence, and to challenge for him that homage, which from the time of Imperial Augustus down to about the year of grace eighteen hundred and thirty were unreservedly accorded, him throughout the realm of letters, and the withholding of which is one of the most alarming symptoms of the decadence of classical learning in our times. The poet-laureate of Cæsar, as it were (or, possibly, as it was)—the chiefest ornament of the Golden Age—the indispensable companion of medieval students—the star actor of the *Divina Commedia*—the thesaurus of all authors before the epoch of Tupper—the *ade mecum* of all who ever pretended to any sort of scholarship down to a generation ago,—has been supplanted in our schools by such syllabus trash as *Panley's* and *Book-Keeping*, has been kicked out to make room for *Brewer's Familiar Spelling* and a whole brood of contemptible Ologies, that are no more a substitute for Virgil than burnt bones are for old Java. And even those who do set out to become acquainted with the bard are so infected with the general disposition to blight him that you shall find their Virgil thumbed and solled for the first eighty lines of the *Æneid*, while the remainder of the volume is as new, and forever remains as new, as when it left the bookbinder's hands.

Below will be found a few of the opening lines of the *Æneid*, in juxtaposition with what was intended as a literal translation of the text and a close imitation of the verse. An experiment extending through the first seven lines was sufficient to induce the translator to concur in the opinion of the best critics, that the English language is ill adapted to the uses of hexameter blank verse:

Arma vi-	rum que ca-	no Tro	je qui	primus ab	oris
Arms and the	man I	sing whe	first from the	shores of Troy	sailing
Itali-	am fa-	to profu-	gus La-	vineque	venit
Driven by	Fate came to	Italy	and the La-	vinian	country
Littora	mult(um) il-	l(e) et ter-	ris jac-	tatus et	alto
Much was he	tossed over	land and	sea by the	Powers su-	pernal
Vi Supe-	rum se-	væ memo-	rem ju-	nonis ob	fram
On ac-	count of the	mem'able	anger of	cruelasome	Juno
Multa quo	qu(e) et bel-	lo pas-	sus dum	conderet	urbem
Much	also he	suffered in	war while he	builded his	city
Infer-	ret que De-	os Lati-	o genus	unde La-	tinum
And	brought into	Latium his	gods: whence the	race of	Latins
Alba-	nique pa-	tres at-	qu(e) altæ	moenia	Romæ
The	famed Alban-	fathers and	Rome the	city e-	ternal

It is greatly hoped that all who deplore the neglect with which the solid old Roman classics are now-a-days treated, will look with favor upon this earnest attempt to give our grand old Poet a lift. And may the perusal of these pages incite in many souls such a desire to renew and extensively cultivate his charming acquaintance, that they shall not be satisfied until they can adopt for themselves the salutation with which Dante addressed the same old Mantuan Bard:

Glory and light of all the tuneful train!
May it avail me, that I long with zeal
Have sought thy volume, and with love immense
Have conned it o'er.

THE ÆNEID.

LIBER PRIMUS.

Arms and the Man I sing, who, first from the shores of Troy
sailing,

Driven by Fate, came to Italy, and the Lavinian country ;

Much was he tossed over land and sea, by the Powers Supernal,

Because of the mem'able anger of cruel Juno.

Much also he suffered in war, while he builded his city,

And brought into Latium his gods: whence the race of the Latins,

The famed Alban fathers, and ROME, the City Eternal.

O Muse! relate me the facts, if you happen to know 'em,

Concerning the hero of this astonishing poem ;

Explain why the queen of the gods was so terribly eager

So clever and pious a man at each step to beleaguer ;—

Why with wrath she pursued him,—with shipwreck and tempest
and thunder :

Do they cultivate such reprehensible morals up yonder ?

Far away over the ocean, on Africa's north edge,

Opposite Italy, stood the fair city of Carthage ;

A Tyrian city it was, of renown such as few know,

Wealthy and warlike, and loved before all lands by Juno.

Here were her coach: here the world's imperial Capital

She hoped and intended to fix, if the Fates didn't stop it all ;—

Yet long had she heard of a race, of Trojan persuasion,

That one day should give her pet project a thorough abrasion.

This fearing, and cherishing numerous other old dudgeons,

She drove far from Latium and spitefully treated the Trojans—

The few Trojans left by the Greeks and cruel Achilles.
 Uncertain they wandered, from Joppa half way to Antilles,
 Through long years repeating their devious peregrinations :
 Such a vast work it was to establish the Roman foundations.

Now scarce from Trinacrian shores were the Trojans departed,
 Upheaving the brine with their prows, and jolly light-hearted,
 When Juno soliloquised : " Must I my purpose relinquish,
 Unable these villains to check, and their scheme to extinguish ?
 Could Minerva sling Jupiter's lightning, and breed such a rumpus,
 While I, his sister and consort, the boss of Olympus,
 Must be outmaneuvered and whipped ? If my purpose now falters,
 Who henceforth will supplicate Juno, or bow at her altars ?"

These wicked sentiments in her inflamed bosom nursing,
 To Æolia, birth-place of storms, the goddess goes cursing.
 Here, in a vast cavern, under the mountains, Æolus,
 God of the Winds, on a lofty throne reigns, grim and solus.
 The blustering tempests he curbs, and in straight-jackets buckles,
 And, when obstreperous, raps them over the knuckles.
 Him thus she invokes : " O King of the terrible Snorters !
 A race by me hated are sailing the smooth Tuscan waters,
 Bearing Troy into Italy, 'long with their vanquished Penates :
 Unkennel thy subjects and blow the rascallions to Hades !
 Drive their old tubs on the rocks, and there let them stick fast,
 And give the poor suffering sharks a square Trojan breakfast !
 I will reward you with my fairest nymph, Deiopea ;
 You shall have her at once, without waiting like Jacob for Leah."

" With pleasure," Æolus replied : " 'tis yours to propose things,
 And mine to perform ; for you gave me my scepter and those
 things."
 So saying, he hurled his spear 'gainst the mountainous surface,



Cavum conversa cuspide montem
Impulit in latus; ac Venti, velut agmine facto,
Qua data porta, ruunt, et terras turbine perfiant.

Æn. I., 81.

And the wild, howling Winds rush forth pell mell, at the or'fice,—
The East Wind, the North Wind, and stormy Sow-Wester, together

Scour over the earth, and inaugurate dretful bad weather.

They dance on the deep, and plough up the brine with their bellows,

Black barbarous night hangs low on the hoisterous billows,
Thick lightnings go zigzag all over, with loud thunders booming,
And everything looks as though death was immejitly coming.

Forthwith Father Æneas, striking a tragical attitude,

Cries: "Thrice and four times better off, in point of beatitude,
They who in the sight of their fathers, the Trojan walls under,
Were torn by Greek fire and 20-lb. Parrots asunder!

Why could I not have fallen by the right hand, son of Tedious?
Why didn't they kill the last man of us, jest to obleege us?

To have died with Sarpedon and Hector were grand and poetic;—
But this sort of thing smacks a trifle too much of emetic!"

While he spouts on the deck, a wierlent blast from the norrard
Strikes the ship on her side, and the eloquent man in the forrard.
Snap go the shrouds, like the strings of an overtuned fiddle,
And the speech and the jib-boom are broken short off in the middle.

Now on the crest and now in the trough the fleet pitch and stagger,
Like kites without tails, or Dutchmen o'erloaded with lager.
These the East Wind in terraqueous mud firmly wedges;
Those are urged upon ledges that merge at the edge their huge ridges.

Meanwhile old Neptune perceives a deuce of a clatter,
And puts up his classical nob to see what is the matter.

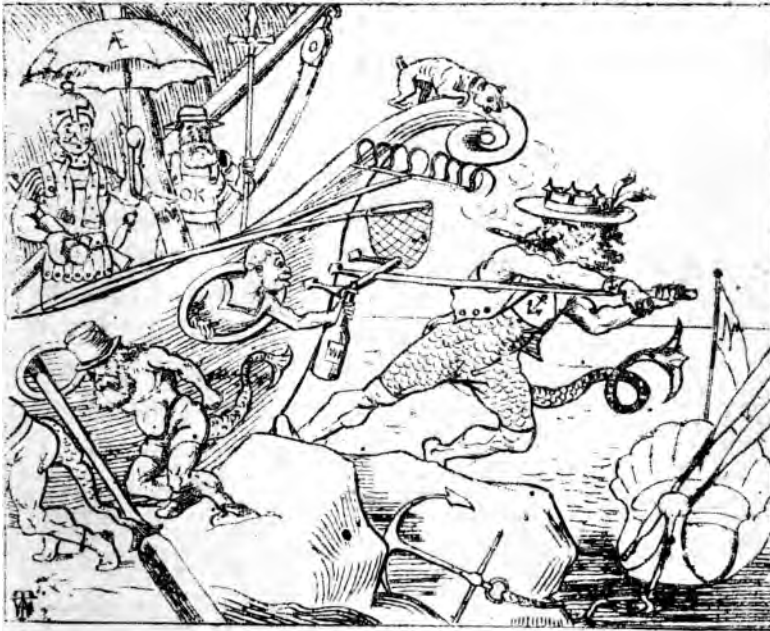
He summons the blustering Africus, Boreas, Eurus,
And thus opens on 'em: "You impudent Wind Bags! it's curus

Where you came by the requisite check to attempt this invasion!
 Scratch gravel for home! Should you make such another occasion
 You won't get off so. My regards to Æolus, your master,
 And say he must keep his wild critturs in pound or in pasture.
 Let him govern his own windy realm, and his lofty airs take on;
 This watery machine I can run without *his* help, I reckon!"
 At once the rough waters grow smooth,—the skies 'gin to brighten,
 And day is restored. At the same time Cimothee and Triton
 Shove the craft off the rocks, while Nep also boosts with his trident,
 Then mounting his tortorshell coach, takes a dignified ride in't.
 The storm-pummeled voyagers make for the neighboring highland,
 And going ashore, warmly welcome the long-wished-for dry land.
 Then Æneas and faithful Achates are moved with a notion
 To climb a small mountain and scan the expanse of the ocean,—
 (Far easier than scanning this verse, as appearances strike us,)
 If haply their eyes may behold their lost comrades—Caicus,
 Or Lycus, or some other cuss, or the Phrygian galleys:
 No galleys they see, but a herd of deer browsing the valleys.
 Seven tall ones they chase, and soon having fatally hurt 'em,
 They bear to their comrades, who institute straight a post mortem.
 Some rip off the hides and dissect, some gather dry fuel,
 Some place brazen caldrons on shore, and mix in the gruel,
 And soon with fat venison, and Sicily wine, they grow stronger;
 Hope and courage return, and they vote to survive a while longer.

Done at length was the feast and the day. On Olympus'cs battle-
 ments

Great Jove stood beholding the earth, with her kingdoms and
 settlements,

All lying in slumber, so still that a pin you might hear drop,
 To whom repaired Venus, each eye neatly fringed with a tear-drop,
 Thus suing: "O thou who with sway universal dost handle us,



Cimotheus simul, et Triton adnixus, acuto
Detrudunt naves scopulo. Levat Ipse tridenti,
Atque rotis summas levibus perlabitur undas.

En. I., 144.

The way that thy wife treats the Trojans is puffickly scandalous !
 Thou didst promise them Italy ! there they should find occupation,
 And there should they found the all-governing Roman plantation.
 What counsel induces thee now to go back on thy promise ?
 To blast us with shipwreck, and shut all explored regions from us ?

First helping himself to a choice lot of oscular plunder,
 And smacking his lips till the clouds palpitated like thunder,
 Thus Jupiter answered : " Pray don't get your back up, my darling,
 I'm sorry that you and my wife must forever be quar'ling.
 Your Æneas that long promised country shall finally enter :
 There shall he clean out the natives, and be the Head Center ;
 There, through Ascanius his son, (whom I now name Iulus,)
 Shall the scepter descend in a long line of Troy blooded rulers,
 Till the wolf-suckled Romulus builds a smart town on the Tiber
 Which bimeby so mighty shall grow that no tongue can describe her.
 Then Cæsar shall rise, and go bushwhacking hither and yonder,
 The conqueror of Britain and Gaul, the planet's great wonder,
 The pride of the Romans, who shall so with praise overfeed him
 That old Doctor Brutus will have to be called in to bleed him.
 Then cometh Augustus, well soaped by poets coeval,
 (The poets thereby clearly proving their heads to be level
 On tactics which good Dr. Watts will consider no evil :)
 Then the Age shall grow mild ; Faith and Virtue shall once again
 look up,
 And the temple of Mars shall suffer an absolute lock up."

At the first peep of dawn, father Æneas and faithful Achates
 Went forth to see what they could find, whether bears or potaties.
 When out of the wood into full view suddenly busted
 His fair mother Venus, and here's how the twain she accosted :
 " Ho, Gentles ! you haven't seen one of my sisters nor nothing,

Dressed som'at like me,—on her legs not a great deal of clothing,
Girt with a quiver, and bent on the ladylike pastime
Of chasing the boar with full cry, in exceedingly fast time?"

"Oh no ma'am, we have not enjoyed that extronrery pleasure ;
But what shall I call you? Your beauty no language can measure!
Here, shipwrecked strangers we wander,—oh lighten our labors!
And show us what coast we've encountered—what country, what
neighbors."

Then responded Venus: "On Lybian acres you stray now,
In the kingdom of Carthage, where lovely Queen Dido bears sway
now."

Lately from Tyre she migrated, fleeing Pygmalion, her brother,
Who for gold sent her husband, Sichæus, from this world to tother.
Here a city she builds, and e'en now with ramparts encloses,
And Carthage you'll find, fair youths, if you follow your noses."
Then turning to leave them, her person exhaled a bright glory,
Whereupon Æneas pursued, bawling out: "The old story!
Achates! look after my carpet-bag, while I get at her!
I know that ineffable being, and that's what's the matter!
O cruel mater! why still will ye play your son those tricks?
Why must I forever be cheated with metamorphostics?"

Thus having the vanishing figure sufficiently scolded,
He marvels along toward the town, in a fleecy cloud folded.
Now he enters the gates, and mingles unseen in the bustle;
He admires the brisk traffic, the clatter-te-bang universal,
The turrets and domes, the bulwarks, the parapets full o' guards,
The pure country milk carts, the fashions, the boulevards,
The stately old heroes out walking and airing their war-scars,
The lively young people out riding in dog carts and horse cars.
In the midst of the town stood a grove, umbrageous and ample,
In the midst of the grove stood the lofty Junonian temple.



Cui Mater media sese tulit obvia sylva,
 Virginis os habitumque gerens, et virginis arma
 spartanae.

"Heus," inquit, "Iuvenes, monstrate mearum
 Vidistis si quam hic errantem forte sororum,
 Et spumantis apri cursum clamore prementem."

Aen. I, 314.

On passing the portal and going a short distance further,
 The battles of Troy he beholds, all painted in order !
 In wonderful fresco, where Trojans and Greeks, in thick bunches
 Are cutting and slashing, and giving each other hot punches.
 Here he discerns the strong-minded Penthesilea,
 Who fights so ferocious that even stout veterans flee her ;
 There, aged King Priam ; there, his own conspicuous figure ;
 There, youthful Troilus, the rash prince who should have been
 bigger

Ere measuring swords with Achilles, that barbarous victor
 Who thrice round the walls drags the lifeless body of Hector.
 While Æneas weeps o'er the scene, like a vinegar cruet,
 While he holds a small personal wake over *Ilium fuit*,
 Lo ! Dido the Queen, with page, courtier, suitor, and satrap,
 Surrounding and crowding like rats besieging a rat-trap,
 Of beauty so great that it makes all beholders to hanker,
 Sails into the temple, and on a high throne comes to anchor.—
 She passels out work, and administers law to her subjects,
 And comes down handsome for various benevolent objects,
 When anon the cloud-hidden hero is highly astounded
 By the sudden arrival of those whom he thought to be drowned ;
 Whom he firmly believed to be held in Plutonian durancè,
 And was cheerfully hoping to realize on their insurance,—
 Cloanthus, Alethes, Caicus, and Gyas, and so forth ;
 And thus does their spokesman, Iloneus, their business show forth :
 “ O gracious Queen ! we implore thy protection and pity !
 We come on no raid against this magnificent city ;
 We are exiles from Troy, seeking homes in Hesperia lyn' ;
 Thither full gay we were sailing, when stormy Orion
 Rose from the deep, and with furious tempests assailed us,
 Shivering our timbers that sudden—we scarce knew what ailed us.
 Our King and companions were done for by asphyxiation,

And we, the sad relics, o'erburdened with woe and purgation,
 Are flung on your shores. What ruffians inhabit this country,
 That threaten with fire, and forbid us a custom-house entry?"

The Queen sweetly answered: "Banish your fears worthy Trojants,
 Nor let this induce you to reckon my subjects as no gents.
 The simple fact is, we're everywhere compassed by savages,
 And have to keep pickets thrown out on account of their ravages.
 Who has not heard of illustrious Troy and her worthies?
 As fine a town (ere it went upward,) as any on earth is.
 Welcome! brave men! your affairs shall be promptly adjusted;
 And would that your King by the same storm had hither been
 tossed!"

Just then the hero broke out of his cloudy environ,
 Exclaiming: "Behold the identical chap you inquire on!
 They thought to present me a prey to the shark and the lobster,
 But I aint dead *yet*! in the beautiful language of Webster.
 O thou who alone of all potentates showest compassion
 On us, the fag end of a once proud and prosperous nation,
 If I were to stand here and blow until dinner-time, yet it would
 Never begin to express our unfathomless gratitude!"

So startled was Dido by this unexpected transaction,
 Her buttons, like Pegotty's, flew in every direction;
 But quickly regaining her somewhat disturbed equilibrium,
 She touchingly said: "I shouldn't of known you from Abraham."
 Are you that Æneas, renowned for virtue and prowess,
 Whom fair Venus bore to Anchises, by rippling Simois?
 The hero who valiantly cudgeled his cruel Greek foes back,
 While safely he brought off his aged old ancestor pooseback?
 Come, enter by doors, royal wanderer! Come, worthy Trojans!
 T'will give me great pleasure to furnish you supper and lodgings."
 Then into the royal shebang, with many amenities,

She leads her guests, and invokes the Punic divinities.
 Moreover, an elegant banquet she spreads in the palace,
 And a slew of good cheer despatches at once to the galleys.
 Achates goes also, to see that all's right, and no screw loose,
 With orders to bring to the court that august brat, Iulus.

But Venus concludes to mix in at this critical crisis,
 And thus to that naughty god Cupid unfolds her devices,
 Imploring his help : " My son, my mighty squintessence,
 Who makest all mortals to feel thy pestiferous puissance,—
 Thou knowest how old Mrs. Jupiter, (jealous old termagant,)
 Don't mean to let anything happen without putting *her* mug in't ;
 And how she is all the while trying a bobbery to kick up,
 To tangle the Trojans in harm, and their projects to break up.
 Just now royal Dido is welcoming Æneas, thy brother,
 And all seems serene ; but I fear lest thro' some trick or other
 Her kindness may change. While to-night a grand banquet
 makes ready,

Iulus to Carthage prepares to follow his daddy :
 Do thou be his substitute ; go in his stead to the banquet ;
 (The boy in the meantime I'll hide fast asleep in a blanket ;)
 Seek thou Dido's lap, and at that particular juncture
 When she looks on her guest, (the gemman from Troy,) why
 jest puncture

Her bosom, and into her pour your invisible pizon,
 That she shall be crazy to fasten her fortunes to his'n."
 Like a good little deity, Cupid obeys what she teaches,—
 Doffs his wings, and puts on Iulus'es body and breeches.
 Now led by Achates, to Carthage he gaily advances,
 And on his arrival the sumptuous banquet commences.
 On a golden couch, underneath a rich canopy, Dido
 Assums her *posish*. On the right of the beautiful widow

The goddess-born Æneas appears, with imposing white kids on,
 For any emergency ready, like Oliver Ditson.
 Then Trojans and Tyrians, in chokers and swallow-tails dainty,
 Recumb on the damask and rep. Two hundred and twenty
 Men servants and maid servants, qualified up to the handle,
 Break china, spill coffee, and serve up boned turkey and scandal.
 The counterfeit son greets his sire with affectionate seeming,
 Then goes for the Queen, who, of danger and trouble not dreaming,
 Hugs the sweet boy to her bosom. In marvelous quick time
 He lodges his fire in her veins, and brings down his victim.
 The exquisite venom through all her anatomy mingles,
 And every red drop of her blood like a dinner-gong jingles.

With talk the Queen spun out the night, quaffing deep of the nectar
 Of love—asking much about Priam and much about Hector,
 Ulysses, the Eastern Zouaves, the Thessalian forces,
 The arms of swart Memnon, the color of Diomed's horses,
 How Achilles' es plume looked, and how Helen's runaway suit set—
 "Nay, come! noble guest," says she, "rehearse from the outset
 The story of Troy, including the uttermost details;
 And let the assembly give heed to our guest, while he retails
 The thrilling adventures, and perils, and sore persecutions
 That during seven years have pursued him thro' all lands and
 oceans."

At once all were silent, and fastened their eyes on the Leader,
 While he spun the preposterous yarn which, long suffering reader,
 You'll find in the Æneid, Libri Secundus and Tertius,—
 And now we must close with a rhyme that is truly atrocious.

THE ÆNEID.

LIBER QUARTUS.

But the poor Queen, with raging love oppressed,
Nursed the fierce fire, and said she could not rest;
She kept a thinking what a star was he,
And how to heaven he traced his pedigree:
His reputation as a warryour,
The conversation which he talked to her,
His clothes so gorgeous, and his style so steep,
Denied the Queen invigorating sleep.

Next day the sun rose at the proper time,—
And much improved the Carthaginian clime,
When thus her sister Anna she addressed:
“ Sister, my nights are full of wild unrest:
This nice young man that’s now a stopping here
To my affections is a growing dear;
Celestial is his origin, I *know*,—
Such fearless souls don’t emanate below.
My grief! what savage fights that man has fit,
And how genteel he can get up and git.
’Fi hadn’t vowed not to unite again
I’m not quite certain but I should cave in.
Since poor dear Sic was slew by brother Pyg
For no live man I’ve ever cared a fig,
Till unto Carthage this brave hero came—
But now I—swan—I feel the ancient flame;
But with my parent dust I would be mixed,
Or with the thunderbolts of Jove transfixed,

Before I'd break the laws of modesty,
 Or scandalize our best society :
 While poor Sicheus keeps his confined state
 My heart lies with his ashes—that's my gait."
 Thus Dido speaks,—her swally choked with tears,—
 Whom thus the sympathizing Anna cheers :
 " O sister, dearer than the light of day,
 Why will you weep your precious eyes away ?
 Do you suppose your husband's bone-dust cares
 A Bungtown copper who his trowsers wears ?
 'Twas well enough to scorn the Lybian peers,
 And put a flea in swart Iarbas' ears,
 But if you've taken such a mighty shine
 To this adventurous Trojan, why, go in.
 Have you forgot our fierce Numidian foes ?
 Doth not Gætulia rob us of repose ?
 Is not Tyre with us for a scrimmage booked ?
 Will not Pygmalion seek his greenbacks hooked ?
 It's my opinion *Juno* manned the oars
 That pulled these Trojan fellers to our shores,
 And if we can but make this match ignite
 Our city'll flourish higher nor a kite !
 If Troy and Carthage can their horses hitch
 'Twill raise our glory to the highest pitch.
 Now, darling Dido, do take my advice,
 Go and prepare the gods a sacrifice ;
 Less have a party, and a high old time,
 And play your best card for detaining him,—
 Make him repeat the story of his deeds,—
 Beguile him with conundrums and charades—
 While stormy winter rules both sea and sky,
 And his worn ships are laid up high and dry."

These arguments the Queen of scruples roft,
 And no discretion in her mind was left.
 So to the meetinus a call they paid,
 And on the altar slaughtered several head
 Of likely steers, to see if they could please
 Ceres, and sundry other deities :
 But first of all they seek the aid of Juno,
 Who has a hand in every wedding, *you* know.
 Dido herself stood o'er the broiling kine,
 And poured upon their mugs a mug of wine,
 Or 'mong the loaded altars wandered round,
 To see what happy omens could be found.
 Oh ignorant diviners ! what's the use
 Of prying into Fate's dread secrets thus ?
 While through her marrow the fierce fluid runs,
 And hot combustion eats her very bones.
 Through the wide city's avenues and gates,
 Her restless majesty perambulates,
 As in the forest, the unwary stag—
 On whom some sportsman, seeking game to bag,
 Hath drawn a bead with weapon pitiless,—
 Flies leaping through the Cretan wilderness,
 The deadly arrow sticking in his feelings,
 Unconscious what it is provokes his squealings.
 Now she escorts him through the busy town,
 And promenades the sidewalks up and down,
 Points out her palaces, and brown stone fronts,
 And gently hints they are To Let at once,—
 Drinks in his words with ever growing greed
 And wants to hear more of the wooden steed.
 When all the guests have left and gone to bed,
 And the pale moon is rolling overhead,

Meandering through the lonely banquet hall,
 She tries his voice and features to recall,
 Then seeks the child Ascanius in his couch,
 'Cause he looks like his governor so much.

The half-built City Hall all work is stopped on,
 The soldier boys don't drill nor study Upton,
 The ramparts and intrenchments are neglected,
 And mighty little progress is effected.

Juno, meanwhile, perceiving how she acted,
 With Cupid's poison ravin and distracted,
 Her sense of all propriety so dead
 She didn't care a continental red—
 She, (Juno,) went to Venus, and says she,
 "What a condemn smart pair of gods you be!
 You and your boy may deem it a big thing
 To get this feeble woman on a string,
 But I don't see it! though I *do* see this,—
 You're down on my new built metropolis!
 Now whither do your machinations tend,
 Or when will these deplored contentions end?
 You have accomplished all your heart's desire,—
 Poor Dido loves him like a house afire;
 Why not unite them in the bands of Hymen
 So me and you can live two loving women?
 Let's put the royal robes on both their backs,
 And me and you go tutelary snacks."
 Venus perceived that she was playing possum,
 And with deceitful purpose, answered, "Yes'm.
 Since you're disposed the handsome thing to do
 I must not be at loggerheads with you,—



Talibus aggreditur Venerem Saturnia dictis :
 "Tuque puerque tuus, magnum et memorabile numen.
 Una dolo Divum si femina victa duorum est!"
Æn. IV., 32.



But Jupiter, yer know, must have his say,
 Or else there'll be the very juice to pay ;
 You are his wife,—you pump him,—I've no doubt
 He'll be all right ; you lead,—I'll follow suit."

"This little chore I'll undertake, my dear,"
 Said royal Juno, "now jest look a here :
 The Trojan prince and Dido ride away
 To go a hunting, at the break of day,
 To-morrow. While the hunters spread their toils,
 I'll fill the sky with thunders and turmoils,
 Scatter their retinue with hail and rain,
 And into the same cavern lead the twain :
 I'll be on hand, and if you don't back down,
 I'll join 'em fast, and do the job up brown."
 "Nuff ced," replied the diplomatic Venus ;
 "This trick shall be inviolate between us."

And now the morning sun ascends the sky ;
 The arm-ed hunters to the forests hie,
 With nets, and toils, and such like preparation,
 And packs of purps that bark without ceaseation.
 The Carthaginian peers expectant wait
 For Dido's coming, at her door yard gate,
 While she, arisen from unquiet slumber,
 Is putting on her gipsy suit up chomber,
 Her prancing steed, his foaming bit a chawing,
 Impatient stands, with pride the fresh turf pawing.
 At length she issues from her domicile,
 With hoops, and fringe, and point lace dressed "tu kill."
 Her goold watch stickin in her lovely waist,
 Her waterfall got up in style and taste,

Her fragile corpus in a French mantiller,
 Her handkerchief perfumeried with vaniller :
 Æneas attends her, scrumptious as Apoller,
 The Phrygian youths and sweet Ascanius foller.
 And now the party seek the wooded hills,
 And straightway dislocate the anamiles.
 Giraffes and chipmunks, from the mountain peak,
 Gallop and tumble like 1000 of brick,—
 Lions and woodchucks clatter down the vales
 With snorting snouts erect, and likewise tails:
 Ascanius bravely guides his steed imperious,
 And wishes he could “bag a rhinocerious.”

But rumbling sounds a coming tempest told,
 And quick, from cloud and crag, a deluge rolled.
 Fire fought with darkness in the crackling sky,
 Where Chaos hung his hellish tapestry,
 While beasts and men dispersed in dire alarm,
 And sought to hide them from the wrathful storm.
 The Trojan leader and the Tyrian queen
 In the predestinated cave convene :
 Then Earth the signal gives, with laboring cries,—
 Great Juno speeds the nuptial mysteries,
 The blushing lightnings tell the conscious sky,
 And wood nymphs shriek from craggy summits high.
 Oh, sad birth-day of unavailing woe !
 Oh, cave ! thou dark abode of mischief, oh !
 Dido no longer acts clandestinely,
 But openly, and quite indecently,
 Calls him her husband, and in this way tries
 To pull the wool o’er circumspectious eyes.
 But Jupiter, the great, grand, high old Turk,
 Woke up, and gaped, and looked, and said, “What work !



Tandem progreditur ; crines nodantur in aurum ;
Aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.

Ipsæ ante alios pulcherrimus omnes
Inuenit se socium .Eneas, atque agmina jungit :
Qualis Apollo.

Liv. IV., 136

Mercury, my son, put on your shappo, quick,
 And drap on Carthage city, like a streak :
 Æneas is there, a hangin around Dido ;
 I want to know what he means by it, I do !
 Tell him to pack up and be off for Italy,
 Or if he don't, I'll larrup him most mightily."
 So Hermes put his wing-ed india-rubbers on,
 And ere you could articulate Jack Robbison,
 He faced the Trojan, busy as a bee,
 Repairing Dido's wash-tub—and says he,
 "Now drop that hammer like a hot potater,
 And put your fleet to sea,—that's what's the matter !
 The Fates ordain that you get up a nation
 Whose fame and power shall ring through all creation ;
 And Jove says if you don't obey this message,
 He'll knock you stiffen a bolony sassage.
 Draw a bee line for Latium, and be spry !"
 With that he vanished in the sky-blue sky.
 A shiver ran through Æneas'es ossibus,—
 His speechless vox stuck in his chattering faucibus,
 The hair stood endwise on his powdered wig
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupig ;
 He wants to go, and then again he doesn't ;
 "The situation" is indeed unpluzzent.
 At length he calls his comrades,—brave Serestus,
 Achates, Porter, Farragut, Sergestus,—
 And they fit out their gun-boats on the sly
 To run the sharp blockade of Dido's eye.
 But Dido guessed the Trojan stratagem,—
 And like a fury thus pitched into him :
 "Oh you perfigeous villain ! will you play
 This heartless game all unbeknown to me ?

Will not our love, will not my given hand,
 Will Dido's tears not stay you in my land?
 Will you attempt the wintry winds to brave,
 And spread your sails upon the treacherous wave,
 Where hungry sharks are rollicking and snarling,
 Where Cappen Semmes will gobble up my darling?
 By this great grief which now my bosom wrings,
 By love, and truth, and vows, and all them things,
 Proceed—I do adjure you,—to relent,
 For if you don't I certainly shall faint.”
 Says Æneas: “I am your most obedient,—
 But to stay here don't seem to be expedient:
 Where'er I wander on this earthly ball,
 I always *will* say, you're a gay old gal:
 But if the court do understand herself,
 (And she presume she do,) that little elf,
 Ascanius, is fore-ordained to found
 A first-class empire on Italian ground.
 I don't exactly like to *steal* away;
 But then again, I don't know how to stay:
 The ghost of my progenitor, Anchises,
 Each night beside my troubled couch arises;
 The gods command me to get out of this
 And paddle off to nobler destinies.”
 “Oh monster!” cries the disappointed woman,
 “No goddess is thy mother, nor no *human*,
 But thou wast born out of the flinty rock
 And fierce Hyrcanean tigers gave thee suck!
 Now, now great Juno, see this savage creature;
 He don't exhibit one redeeming feature!
 I found him poor and hungry as a greyback,
 I dined and wined and toasted him from *way back*,



" Quid struis? aut qua spe Iybieis teris otia terris?
 Si te nulla mōvet tantarum gloria rerum.
 Ascanium surgentem et spes h̄eredis Iuli
 Respice: cui regnum Italiæ Romanæque tellus
 Debentur."

At vero Æneas aspectu obmutuit amens:
 Arrestæ que horrore comæ: et vox faucibus hæsit
 Æn. IV, 271

Got up a supper, fed his lousy crew,
 And heard his egotistic yarn clear through!
 You talk about obeying Jove's decree,—
 Flapdoodle! what a pious man you be!
 Well, go and leave me, lone and destitute,—
 I will not argufy with such a brute,—
 But if the gods are worth a single nickel,
 I hope they'll give you an eternal pickle!
 And my indignant ghost, when I am dead,
 Shall ride your conscience like a pig of lead!"

Completely overcome with pain and passion,
 She fainted in the most *distangay* fashion.
 The screaming maidens bear their prostrate queen
 Unto a bed with tarleton counterpane:
 These read the homeopathy book, while those
 Hold a cologne jar to her pallid nose.
 When in the morning from her palace towers,
 She saw his lessening sails, and flashing oars,
 She tore her golden locks in ecstasy,
 And pounded on her breast tremendously.
 "Proh, Jupiter! shall this man get away?
 Spread sails! bring firebrands! ah, what do I say?
 Why did I not revenge me while he stayed?
 I might have found his flint heart with my blade,
 Deaconed his pug-nosed boy, while I was able,
 And fricasseed him for his father's table!
 But now I writhe in impotent dismay,
 While he goes,—(*dum it,*)—on his heartless way!"
 Her bloodshot eyeballs roll while thus she speaks,
 And purple spots suffuse her quivering cheeks;
 She mounts, with wild impetuosity,

A funeral pile some forty-four feet high,
 Of seasoned kindling wood, two hundred cords,
 And thus pronounces these, her latest words :
 " Behold, I go the way of all mankind ;
 I've done the work by changeless Fate assigned,
 I've built a city, seen my finished towers,—
 O that the Trojan had not touched my shores !"
 With these remarks the deadly dirk she grabs,
 And socks herself severial powerful jabs.
 Forth leaps the boiling life-blood, and the crowd
 Their fallen queen survey, with clamours loud ;
 Loud clamours and loud lamentations rise,
 Roar through the city, and assault the skies.
 Thrice she supports herself upon her elbow,
 And strains her eyes to see her *infidel* beau,—
 Thrice does she seek the blazing light of day,
 And having found it, groaning, turns away.

Then Juno, pitying her agony,
 Sent Iris down, the struggling soul to free.
 The dewy Iris, on her saffron wings,
 With thousand radiant encolorings,
 Shot through the vapors with immortal speed,
 And stood above the death-devoted head :
 " This lock to Pluto's realms I bear away,
 And now release thee from this ruined clay."
 So saying, she cut the lock of golden hair,
 And life departed on the sightless air.

ERRATA.

Page 8, eighth verse from the top, instead of "Then responded Venus," read, "Then Venus responded."

Page 11, last verse, for "Assums," read, "Assumes."





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